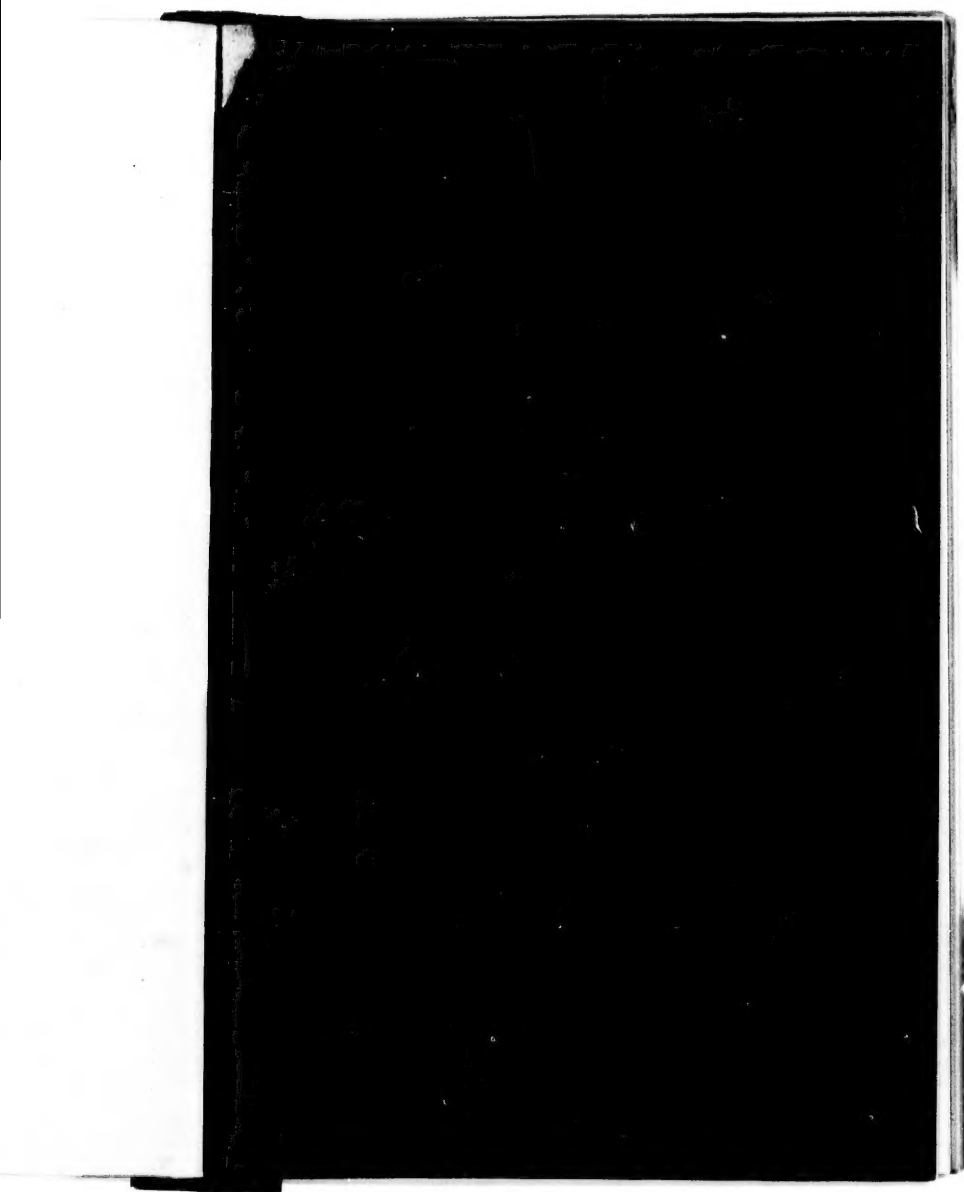






S. S. B. May 24 '10

MEMORY PRACTICE.

"ACT, ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT."

1.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Bailey.*

2.

I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old.—*J. A. Hillhouse.*

3.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by;
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.—*Goethe.*

4.

Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work! thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Work for some hope, be it ever so lowly;
Work! for all labor is noble and holy!—*Mrs. Osgood.*

5.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps;
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way;
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.—*Park Benjamin.*

6.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;—
Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.—*Longfellow.*

ADVERSITY.

7.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.—*Rogers.*

8.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene:
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:
As night to stars, woe luster gives to man.—*Young.*

9.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.—*W. C. Bryant.*

10.

And that high suffering, which we dread,
A higher joy discloses;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.—*Mrs. J. W. Howe.*

11.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.—*Longfellow.*

12.

The rose which in the sun's bright rays
Might soon have drooped and perished,
With grateful scent the shower repays
By which its life is cherished:
And thus have e'en the young in years
Found flowers within that flourish,
And yield a fragrance fed by tears,
That sunshine could not nourish.—*Bernard Barton.*

BENEVOLENCE.

13.

What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to
keep.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

14.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fel-
low-creatures.—*Cicero.*

15.

Words of kindness we have spoken
May, when we have passed away,
Heal, perhaps, a spirit br
Guide a brother led astray.—*J. Hagen.*

16.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.—*D. Bates.*

17.

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless;
 Whose aching head or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.
 Thy neighbor is the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim;
 O, enter then his humble door
 With aid and peace for him.
 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery;—
 Go share thy lot with him.

THE BIBLE.

18.

We count the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.—*I. Newton.*

19.

The Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they have been written.—*Mr. William Jones.*

20.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false, I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.—*George P. Morris.*

21.

Within this ample volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries;
 Happiest they of human race
 To whom their God has given grace

To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
That read to doubt, or read to scorn.—*Walter Scott.*

CHEERFULNESS.

22.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame God for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

CONTENTMENT.

23.

He is the richest who is content with the least.—*Socrates.*

24.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?—*R. Baxter.*

25.

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow—
God provideth for the morrow!"—*R. Heber.*

26.

Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough, has given.
—*A. Cowley.*

27.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.—*Shakespeare.*

28.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Most surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.—*Cotton.*

29.

But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love.
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad;
I keep my conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and be glad.—*Charles Mackay.*

DUTY.

30.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.—*J. R. Lowell.*

31.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

MEMORY PRACTICE.

7

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee—
Learn thou first what these can teach.
—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

32.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves;
Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatse'er is willed is done.—*Whittier.*

33.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

34.

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.
—*W. M. Punshon.*

FAITH.

35.

Beware of doubt; faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite.—*Mrs. E. O. Smith.*

36.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.—*R. Baxter.*

37.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.—*F. W. Faber.*

38.

Thy God hath said 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight;
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the bright sunshine of his smile.—*Keeble.*

39.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.—*R. Grant.*

40.

And this is all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God surmounts them all.—*Cowper.*

FORGIVENESS.

41.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives, without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.

And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.—*Elizabeth Cress.*

GOD.

42.

We have, amid all changes, three unchangeables: an unchangeable covenant, an unchangeable God, an unchangeable heaven.—*Matthew Henry.*

43.

The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"—*Thomas Miller.*

44.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.—*Good.*

45.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.—*Moore.*

46.

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.
"No God!" astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar;
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the atheist lore.

47.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-falling skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour:
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain:
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.—*Couper*.

HEAVEN.

43.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.—*Montgomery*.

HOPE.

43.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are rifted.
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevailleth.—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder*.

50.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."
So heavenly toned that in that hour,
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,
To feel, although no tongue can prove
That every cloud that spreads above
And velleth love, itself is love.
And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.
So variously seemed all things wrought,
I marveled how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought.—*Tennyson.*

HOME.

51.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.—*Young.*

52.

. . . . Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.—*Thompson.*

53.

A mother's love, how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love that can grow cold—
This is a mother's love.—*Montgomery.*

HUMANITY.

54.

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporeal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.—*Shakespeare.*

55.

I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—*Couper.*

NOBLE LIVES.

56.

Still shines the light of holy lives
 Like star-beams over doubt;
 Each sainted memory, Christ-like, drives
 Some dark possession out.—*Whittier.*

57.

As on thy mother's knee, a new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled;
 So live, that, sinking into death's long sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.—*Hq/m.*

58.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.
 The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.—*Longfellow.*

59.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an angel's happiness shall know—
 Shall bless the earth while in the world above;
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow,
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
 The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
 Thy hand, unsparing and unwearied sow,
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
 And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers.—*Wilcox.*

60.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves

To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—From "Thanatopsis," by William Cullen Bryant.

61.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we; as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's right hand
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone
With many a deep incision,
Its heavenly beauties shall be our own—
Our lives that angel vision. — W. O. Doane.

62.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MEDITATION.

63.

At evening, to myself I say:
Where hast thou been and gleaned to-day—
Thy labors how bestowed?

What hast thou rightly said or done?
 What grace attained, and knowledge won,
 In following after God?—*Charles Wesley.*

64.

The day is drawing to its close,
 And what good deeds, since first it rose,
 Have I presented, Lord, to thee?
 What wrongs repressed, what rights maintained;
 What struggles past, what victories gained;
 What good attempted and attained,
 As offerings of my ministry?—*Longfellow.*

MERCY.

65.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in his justice
 Which is more than liberty.
 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.—*F. W. Faber.*

66.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown:
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth them show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Think of this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.—*Shakespeare.*

PATRIOTISM.

67.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PERSEVERANCE.

68.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.—*Longfellow.*

69.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let Perseverance conquer fate,
And Merit seize the victor's crown;
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
Will lose the jewels at his feet.—*P. Cary.*

PRAYER.

70.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.—*Coleridge.*

PROCASTINATION.

71.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead,

Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life!
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.—*Young.*

THE SOUL.

72.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.—*Montgomery.*

73.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

74.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.—*Addison.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

75.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice
so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and
despises it.—*George Washington.*

76.

The devil tempts men through their ambition, their cupidity, or their
appetite, until he comes to the profane swearer, whom he catches without
any reward.—*Horace Mann.*

TRUTH.

77.

I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit as poisoning the sources of eternal truth.—*Johnson*.

78.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.—*Bryant*.

VIRTUE.

79.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For, whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.—*Alice Cary*.

80.

From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood.—*Tennyson*.

81.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and a broader view.
We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.—*J. G. Holland*.

